

*The DOG and the SHADOW.*

T'RAY with his prize crossing a brook,
 Did on the glassy surface look,
 There saw the shadow of his bone,
 And dreamt not that it was his own;
 So big it seem'd, so full, so fair,
 He greedy (as his brethren are)

Snatch'd

Snatch'd at the shade, th
 And lost his prize and c
 He yelp'd, and cry'd,
 No dinner now remains
 Fool that I was, he fig
 To loose the *substance* fo

Poor Tray, you see, h
 By only trusting to his
 In such a world—to yo
 Call in the aid of ev'ry
 That none may laugh a